

TIGHTWIRE

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CENTRE OF CRIMINOLOGY

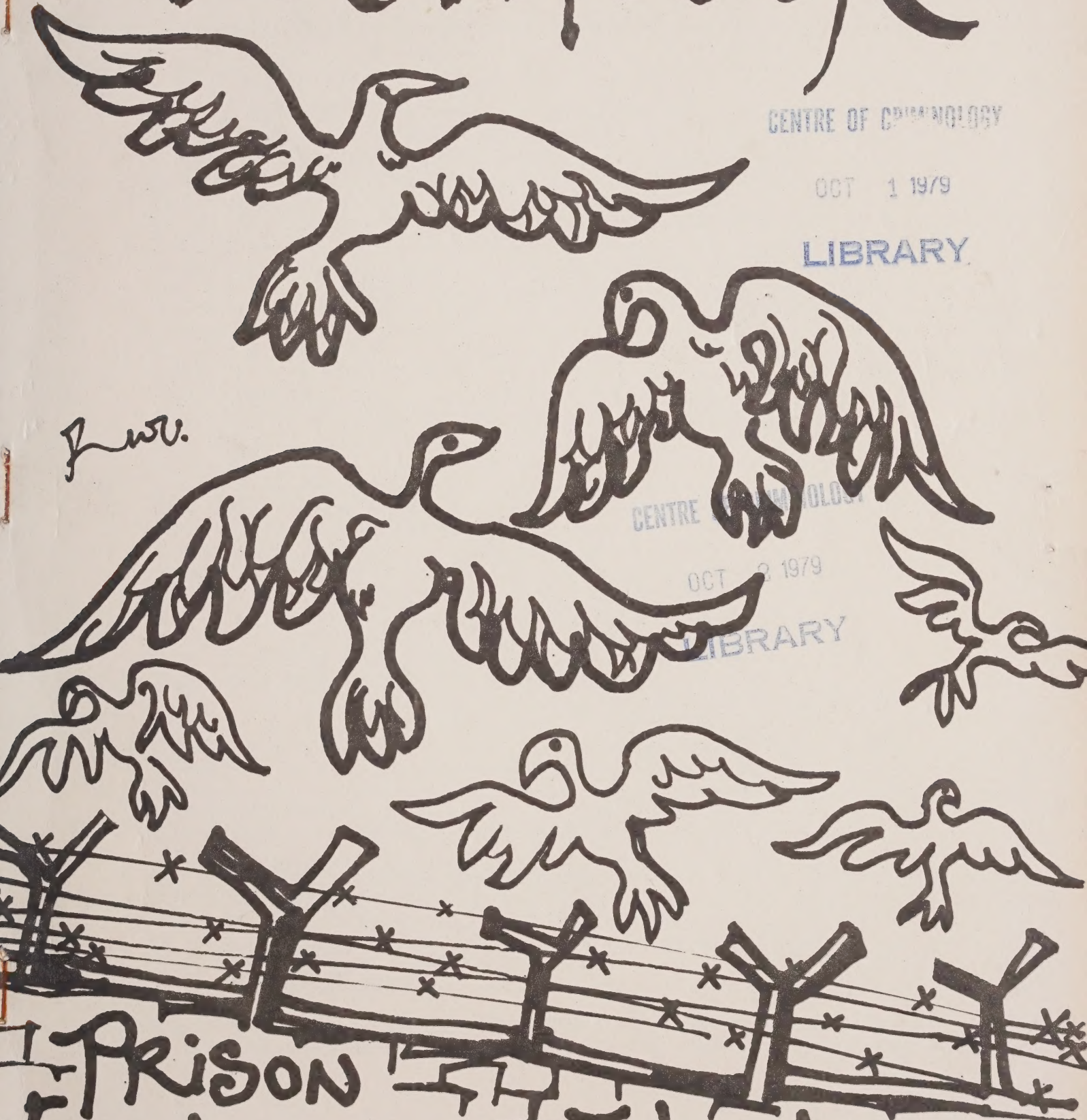
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PRISON
FOR Women. July-August

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July./ August./ 1979

TIGHTWIRE Staff

Editor: Jocelyne Terrade Assisted by Diane Perron
Artist: Jane Billings & Rose Wu.
Adm. Secretary: Renee Baptiste

TIGHTWIRE is published six times a year by TIGHTWIRE: Publications, Prison for Women, Kingston, Ontario, The contents are compiled by the inmates staff from a variety of sources: their own writing, those of other prisoners (both from the Prison for Women and other jails), newspaper and magazine articles and submissions from outside contributions. The views expressed are those of the particular writers or artist, which may or may not conform to the opinions of the Administration and the Correctional Services of Canada.

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Please address all correspondence to:

TIGHTWIRE Publications
Box 515
Kingston, Ontario
Canada, K7L 4W7

Subscriptions: \$4.00/year
ISSN: 0702-9004

Second Class Mail Registration # 4730

MEMBER
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COMMITTEE OF SMALL MAGAZINE
EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS
BOX 703 SAN FRANCISCO, CA. 94101

EDITORIAL

There was great solidarity by everyone in support of prisoners justice day Aug 10th everyone fasted. The purpose for fasting on this day is in memory of the senseless deaths in prison and an end to it.

In support of human rights of prisoners

- The right to meaningful work with fair wages
- The right to useful education and training
- The right to proper medical care
- The right to free, adequate legal services
- The right to freedom of speech, religion, decision-making and conditions
- The right to vote
- The right to form a union
- The right to adequate work and fire safety standards
- The right to open visits and correspondence
- The right to natural justice and due process

I hope you will enjoy this issue of Tightwire. Special thanks to all of you who's contributions made this possible.

Throughout the preparation of this issue, a tremendous amount of help was given and it is reflected by the variety and excellence of the content.

Jojo

PRISON JUSTICE DAY AUGUST 10, 1979

pour une fin a la mort insensee dans les prisons,

en support pour LES DROITS HUMAINS DES PRISONNIERS.

le droit de travail significatif avec un salaire juste
le droit a l'aide medicale convenable
le droit de services legals adequats
le droit a la liberte d'expression, religion, conditions et decisions
le droit de vote
le droit de former une union
le droit de travail adequat et aux reglements de feux standards
le droit aux visites ouvertes et a la correspondence
le droit a la justice naturelle et au du procede

TOUT LES PRISONNIERS A TRAVERS LE CANADA PARTICIPENT A UN JOUR

DE JEUNE LE 10 AOUT

ALLORS PRISONNIERES.....

JEUNEZ POUR VOS DROITS!

nwsa

ational women's studies association

July 20, 1979

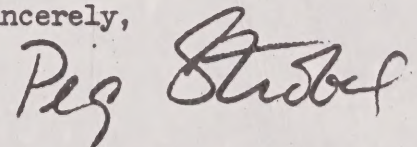
Dear Editor:

Please place the following announcement in your journal or newsletter.

The National Women's Studies Association will hold its annual convention at Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana, from May 16-20, 1980. The planned program will include panels, seminars, and papers in feminist education and presentations in the arts. Participants can look forward to discussions of Women's Studies Programs in academic institutions and of feminist alternatives to traditional education. For further information, contact Elaine Reuben, Coordinator, NWSA, University of Maryland, College Park, MD 20742.

Thank you very much.

Sincerely,



Peg Strobel
Women's Studies Department
San Diego State University
San Diego, CA 92182



An Open Appeal For Help And Support.

I believe I am suffering from injustices from the Judiciary and Penitentiary System and I am beseeching you to help to deliver me from this unhappy situation.

I immigrated to Canada from Hong Kong in Nov. 1966. Not long after I came to Toronto, I became a victim of the City's criminals. They harrassed me so much that I couldn't live a good life; and I was eventually forced to commit an offence: a robbery. I was caught by the Police almost immediately and the owner recovered all his money. No one was wounded except myself. I was convicted of armed robbery only, yet I was sentenced to life-imprisonment in the Prison For Women. It was an unjustly heavy sentence. But I did the time patiently and in April, 1979, after seven long years, I became eligible for Parole. My Prison reports are all good and the Prison staff strongly recommended my Parole. However, the Parole Board reserved its decision indefinitely, so I am still waiting, and I don't know till when. I am an educated and trained artist and cook, therefore, there is nothing more I can learn in Prison, and nothing I can do. The Prison For Women is now crowded with over a hundred and ten inmates and there are only few interesting positions. There are much more women then there are jobs of skills. There is no technical workshop for us to work in, nor are there any public services required from inmates. So you can see how meaningless my stay in Prison is.

I have as much or more requisites for getting Parole as other inmates. I am perfectly healthy, well educated and experienced in Arts and Letters. I behave well and have done my time. Why am I not given Parole? Does the Parole Board discriminate against artist and intellectuals?

I received an order of Deportation not long after I came to Prison, and I hope that you will ask the Immigration Department to enact this order now. At first the Parole Board in Kingston seemed concerned that I should have help when I get back to Hong Kong. Now that my family has written to pledge their help, I don't see any reason why they should delay my return to Hong Kong any longer.

Please help to deliver me from this hopeless situation to my new life in Hong Kong and to my beloved mother, who is now seventy. I have left my family twelve years ago and I am now most anxious to see and rejoin them. Please understand this urgent desire for reunion and to start a new and successful life. I do have the necessary skills and determination to rehabilitate myself in Hong Kong, my birth place.

I shall be very grateful for your concern and your help. Please answer my plea and support my release!

Yours Sincerely,

Rose Wu.

Rose Wu.
AUG. 1979.

This is an extract from the

GLOBE AND MAIL July 18, 1979

Regional prisons urged

Keeping women in Kingston 'cruel'

HALIFAX (CP) — It is cruel and unusual punishment for women to be kept in the Kingston penitentiary for women, away from their own communities where their families can't visit them, says the president of the Elizabeth Fry Society.

Barbara Kilbourn said the association supports a plan to close the prison and transfer inmates to regional prisons throughout the country to help ease the women's return to their home region after they are released.

Plans to close the federal maximum security institution, now housing 130 women, have been discussed for

the last four years but no definite time has been set, said Lorraine Berzins, former co-ordinator for women offender programs in Ontario.

Both women spoke during the Canadian Congress on the Prevention of Crime conference being held here this week.

Women who are given prison terms of two years and longer go to the federal institution, while those with terms under two years serve time in provincial prisons.

A 1977 Solicitor-General's report recommended that the Kingston prison either be closed and a new prison built or that provincial insti-

tutions look after all women prisoners.

Miss Berzins said because women are a small percentage of the prison population, programs for them are often undertaken only if they don't cost too much or are not too much trouble.

An exchange agreement with the provinces had been in effect since 1973 but ways of adapting provincial prisons to women's use at a reasonable cost were difficult to find.

Another reason why women were not transferred to provincial institutions was that many administrators believe family links are not important and women don't need to be kept close to

any home situation, Miss Berzins said.

The society, which operates 15 community residential centres in Canada for female ex-convicts, supports the concept of moving women closer to their own regions to ease their return to their own communities, she said.

Each region should have a centre to serve as a detention place for violent female criminals and to protect society, she added.

"But the progress of each individual should be monitored by agencies . . . and a co-ordinator of female personnel should be set up at the provincial level just as it is at the federal one."

"If we have a correct theory but, merely prate about it, pigeonhole it and do not put it into practice, then that theory, however good, is of no significance.

Mao Tse Tung

Sub: by D. Perron

Diane Perron
Jocelyne Terrade
P.O. Box 515
Kingston, Ontario

Le 16 Juillet/79

L'Hon. René Lévesque
Premier Ministre
Province Du Québec

Monsieur le Ministre;

Nous écrivons cette lettre pour attirer votre attention sur la condition des détenues de langues Françaises où de provenance de la region de Québec incarcérées a l'heure actuelle à la prison des Femmes de Kingston, en Ontario.

Nous désirons des informations plus precises concernant les transferts éventuels de Kingston au Québec, et des informations se rapportant aussi sur le passage d'un system Federal a un system Provincial qui resulterait d'un tel transfert.

Actuellement, vue que nous ne bénéficions point d'informations adéquates sur la question, nous comptons sur votre compétence et efficacité pour éclaircir ces points qui nous font défaut.

En attente d'une réponse, veuillez accepter
Monsieur le Ministre, nos salutations distinguées.

Madeleine Desrosiers
Famille Desrosiers
Famille Gagneau
Famille Bouché
Famille Lacroix
Famille Gauthier

Diane Perron
Jocelyne Terrade
Abel Brondines #1132
Myrtle Sadock

UNTITLED

The most distastful
and destructive prison
is self created
Within your mind

They can shackle your
legs and hands
force you to be confined
within a cell

Yet your thoughts
your dreams
those stolen moment
late at night
are yours

To remember those you love
I who love you
the bars fade
and once again
you are in free
thought

This they can never
take away from you
For they belong
to the past and times
the future
these silent moments
are sacredly your's alone

By: Bev. Whitney

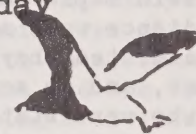
Past the wall
Past the gun tower
We watch the lake



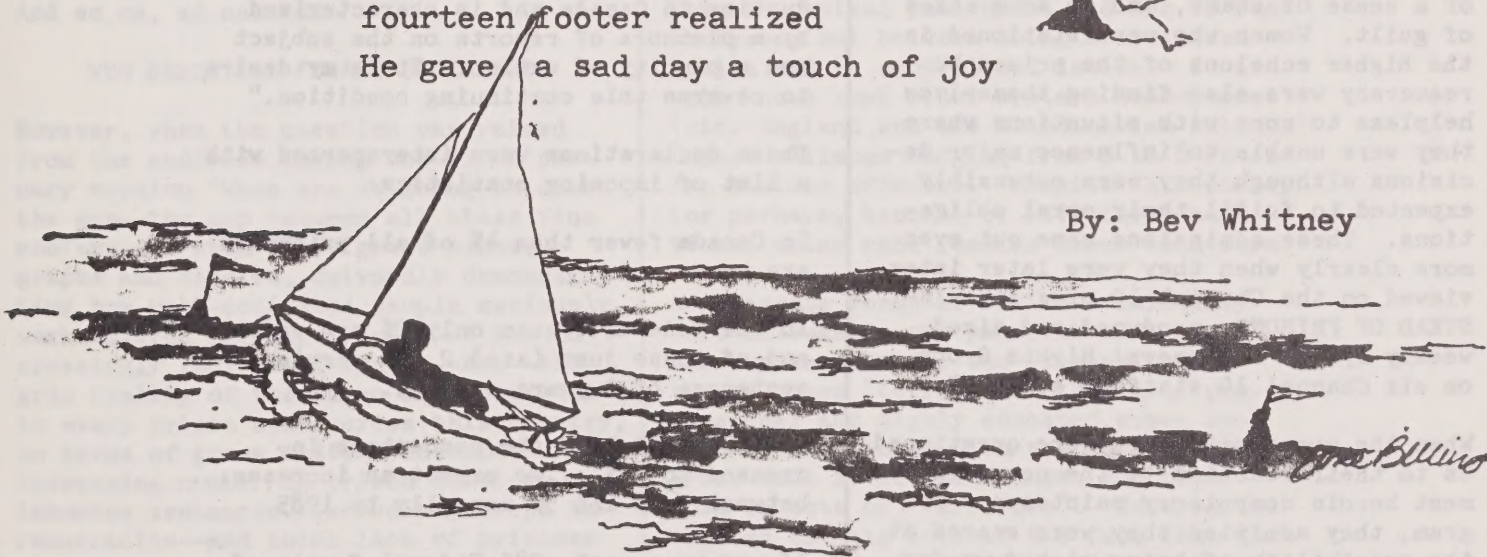
During the Regatta
We cheered for one
Small fourteen footer
All laughing and sometimes concerned
as he tacked back from extreme to extreme
hoping praying he wouldn't tip

Later I realized
this interlude had brought us a
strange form of freedom

Broken the monotony of our day to day
I wonder if that young man in the
fourteen footer realized
He gave a sad day a touch of joy



By: Bev Whitney



an INTERNATIONAL SYMPOSIUM

by Claire Culhane

But, where were the female offenders?

The women most concerned were nowhere to be seen amongst the delegates at this five day conference at Holiday Inn. True - there was the token panel entitled: The Incarcerated Offenders, which offered four women "residents" from two B.C. "correctional institution" under escort of the 'Brownies' (women sheriffs) to respond to the Chairman, Laurier Lapierre, the well-known media personality, as he titillated the audience with his charm.

"What led you to your life of crime?" "What can we do to help you not to return to it?" "How do you feel about bringing up your child in prison with you?" (to the mother of a one year old baby with her at Twin Maple Farm). Some members of the audience were seen to leave, and later admitted they left out of a sense of shame, and in some cases of guilt. Women who were stationed in the higher echelons of the prison bureaucracy were also finding themselves helpless to cope with situations where they were unable to influence major decisions although they were ostensibly expected to fulfil their moral obligations. These admissions came out even more clearly when they were later interviewed on the Channel 10 program: INSTEAD OF PRISONS, produced and aired weekly by the Prisoners' Rights Group on six Channel 10 stations across B.C.

When the women prisoners were questioned as to their reaction to the new government heroin compulsory maintenance program, they admitted they were scared at the possibility of being picked up for further harassment by the police, even though they were no longer on drugs. Suicides are already known to be taking place as prisoners face that prospect on

release.

And when the more pointed question was asked by a community worker as to how realistic were their chances of not returning to prison, given the grim employment scene where one million Canadians, not burdened with a criminal record, were unable to find work--the question was deftly set aside by the chairman.

A PAUCITY OF ACTION

The keynote speech provided by J.J. Blais, Solicitor-General, at the opening session was in itself a masterpiece of what has come to be called 'the big lie technique.' Sweeping changes were announced--"we are on the verge of providing some long-delayed improved opportunities--Women's Prison at Kingston to be phased out--the problem of the Federal female offender has long plagued the administration of justice in Canada and is characterized by a plethora of reports on the subject and a paucity of action. It is my desire to reverse this continuing condition."

These declarations were interspersed with a list of imposing statistics:

In Canada fewer than 4% of all prisoners are women.

In the Federal system only 2% are women, and of these just (sic) 2 are serving sentences of 2 years or more.

Between 1880-1970 the percentage increased to 15%....we expect an increase... between 3.5% and 5% annually by 1985.

If, as we expect, 285 Federal female offenders in 1985, only about 10 will warrant maximum security...at the present time only 4 women out of a total of 140 at Kingston are considered maximum se-

curity...106 require perimeter security.

Prison for Women built in 1934 to house 100, began with population of 34--full capacity not reached until the 60's.

1938 - Archambault Royal Commission:
"There is no justification for erection and maintenance of a costly penitentiary for women alone--further continuance is unjustified..."

1974 - National Advisory Committee on the Female Offender was formed charged with making recommendations...report made public in 1977 concluded that the Prison for Women should be closed.

July 1978 - Feasibility study commenced--Joint Committee to Study Alternatives for Housing of Federal Female Offenders.

And so on, ad nauseum.

WHO NEEDS THE FEMALE OFFENDER?

However, when the question was raised from the audience during the first plenary session "When are we going to close the gap--the gap between all these fine conferences with their grand plans, graphs and studies, outwardly demonstrating how well-motivated people seriously work towards the improvement of the increasingly foul penal system--AND--the grim reality of the human deterioration in every prison cell across this country, in terms of gross medical incompetence--increasing number of prison suicides--inhumane sentences--incredibly inept bureaucracies--and total lack of prisoner rights, there was no answer.

Nor was there any response to the suggestion that the approximate five hundred member audience identify themselves as receiving any portion of their income from the Solicitor-General's Department, the Corrections Service, or university grants. Or, even to be so bold as to include the precise financial gains incurred. Then, and only then, would the interest generated by such conferences reveal who it is that needs the FEMALE OFFENDER in order to maintain their personal positions and standard of living.

Although that question was never ad-

ressed, others became more specific as the proceedings unfolded.

CHANGE IS ESSENTIAL

At the panel named: SENTENCING AND DISPOSITION OF THE FEMALE OFFENDER, Dr. Gillian Sandeman (former Ontario MLA, and Executive-Director of the Elizabeth Fry Society) questioned the worth of the 25 year sentence (in lieu of capital punishment). Robert Francis, of the Faculty of Law, University of Calgary, one of the panelists, did not hesitate to place himself on record as having vehemently opposed same, as a member of the former Solicitor-General Warren Allmand's committee. He described how he was promptly dropped from the committee--not officially, just subsequently never informed of the meeting times and places! The point was also made that we are not faced with an alternative between capital punishment and the 25 year sentence, but between being a civilized nation and an uncivilized nation. It is well known that other western democracies (viz. England and the Scandinavian nations) impose maximums ranging from 5 to 8 years for similar offences. Despite this policy (or perhaps, because of it?) their national crime rate remains lower than ours.

As emerging forms of female criminality were discussed, one panelist offered as his explanation for the increasing number of women "terrorists" that many professional and highly educated women become disillusioned with the lack of progress made in social change, and then turn to acts of "terrorism". However, he omitted to make note of the fact that this subject could not be discussed separately and apart from the "terrorist" world we now share, where \$1 billion a day is spent on the arms race, and where Canada is the 10th largest arms salesman, selling its Candu Reactors to known fascist countries.

An impassioned plea was made by Antonio Sanchez Galindo, Director of the Centre for Addicted Youths in Acapulco, Mexico, for CHANGE! CHANGE! CHANGE! His centre had succeeded in instituting meaningful work programs where one third of the prisoners' income passed to family support; one third was placed in their release fund, and one third to cover current needs. Space does not permit further details of

his presentation, but the impact of Senor Galindo as he spoke in the strongest terms for the need to break away from present concepts of prison, will not easily be forgotten.

No provision had been made to present resolutions despite the intensive participation in forty panel discussions on the broadest spectrum of relevant topics. When Dr. Marie Andree Bertrand (Vice Dean of Faculty of Education, University of Montreal) approached the Coordinating Committee to request that arrangements be made to do so, and was handed a firm "NO!" as an answer, Dr. Bertrand's reaction was, "Well - YES!" A sign was promptly posted announcing that an Ad Hoc Resolutions Committee would meet Thursday at 5:00 p.m. Approximately twenty delegates attended with a number of excellent resolutions. Despite the visible agitation of the three Committee members who could hardly believe that their edict was being so blatantly rejected, a series of resolutions were brought in during Dr. Sandeman's allotted portion of the Final Plenary on Friday morning (Feb. 2nd). Valuable dialogue was generated and most of the resolutions were approved and passed.

BUREAUCRATIC "GAME-PLAYING"

The time has long since past when a Solicitor General can expound his intentions and expect his audience to remain impervious to the realities of the Canadian prison system. He must be made to realize how unacceptable is his verbiage about "providing programs" (meaning further imprisonment) in "correctional institutions" (usually archaic prisons)--about a "regional psychiatric centre that is fast becoming world-renowned" which in fact has no recreation officer and consequently no recreation program despite a recent budget from Ottawa in the neighborhood of \$16,000 plus \$9,000 to cover salary--or, about the "institution at Mission which in design, quality and number of staff is one of the best in Canada if not in North America..." but where a prisoner cannot even get an answer confirming his request to place a friend on his visiting list--about the Oakalla

Women's Unit where despite the 57 recommendations made by the Royal Commission under Justice Patricia Proudfoot, women prisoners continue to be deposited (none too gently) in solitary confinement cells under the old cow barn, and the Regional Director regrets that the environment is not exactly pleasant--the same institution where a prison doctor used toothpaste as a vaginal lubricant to perform an internal examination of five women prisoners.

We have a Solicitor-General advancing his "very clear intention to phase out Kingston Women's Prison" knowing full well that no corresponding effort is being made to dispose of the "legal constraints" which automatically nullify his highly trumpeted announcement. Sentences imposed on these women prohibit them from being transferred in sufficient numbers and early enough to make the proposal meaningful.

The stage is thereby set for passing responsibility back and forth between Federal and Provincial jurisdictions, relying on an ill-informed public's inability to comprehend that bureaucracies must build empires in order to maintain themselves in power. "Game-playing" is the term prisoners use to describe how such policies affect them. It is not so much the custody of their bodies as the humiliation and dehumanization of their person, as their self-respect is stripped from them, guaranteeing the high rate of recidivism which is later deplored.

Two years earlier, Isabel Macneill, former Director of Kingston Women's Prison for ten years, shocked her audience when she declared: "I am sick to death of prisons. I think we have wasted so much of human people...to keep women at this point in time in cells that are only toilets is completely uncivilized...if something drastic is not done in the near future we are in for far more trouble." (Minutes of Proceedings and Evidence of Subcommittee on the Penitentiary System in Canada, March 17/1977).

As long as the newly-appointed Commissioner Yeomans continues to make "...34 new appointments to major positions at Headquarters and in the Regions." (LIA-

ISON, Sol-Gen's Dept. vol. 5, no. 1, Jan/79)--and as long as conferences continue to be organized on FEMALE OFFENDERS featuring literature tables which display enticing brochures such as: Careers with the Corrections Branch; Community Correction Centres; Family Court Counselling; Volunteers in Correctional Programs...and more studies are authorized like Report of the Joint Committee to Study Alternatives for the Housing of the Federal Female Offenders--just so long will government bureaucracies self-perpetuate, literally over the bodies of human beings.

MICROCOSM OF THE CAPITALIST SYSTEM

For the more politically astute--let it be clearly understood that our prison system is merely a microcosm of the capitalist system, and can only reflect its basic aims as it employs historic methods to remain in power. To remain in power, such governments must control the military, the police and the prison system.

Prison reform can no longer be considered effectual if it simply aims to 'improve' prisoners' conditions, and at the same time reinforce corrupt prison systems. Prison reform must, at this moment in history, be conceived as effectual only if it can contribute to the transfer of the balance of power from the hierarchy to the prison movement. Prisoners must have access to the process of natural justice, and where denied same, to be able to organize themselves to gain their civil and human rights--none of which have ever been officially denied them by the courts.

The community, where the so-called crime has been committed has a social responsibility both to the 'lawbreaker' and the victim--in fact it is obliged to view both parties as victims in the final analysis. The elderly woman charged in a Vancouver court for the theft of half a pound of oatmeal is indeed a community responsibility, and not a criminal.

When imprisonment is conceived as the very last resort, only after every other community alternative has been explored,

will we attain the desired goal of as few people imprisoned for the shortest period of time. Any opposition to this philosophy would soon reveal itself as emanating from a power structure which demands an escalating and repressive prison system in order to survive.

The economic burden and the human waste of such a policy is the cost to ourselves as citizens. It is no longer just the problem of the female offender, though it is she who pays the price for our ignorance and intolerance. Actually, it is the public which must be rehabilitated to participate with the full knowledge of why there are female offenders--a most critical area of the struggle for women's rights.

(Ed.: Priorities will publish some of the resolutions in our next issue.)

FAST-FOOD CHAIN CLAMS UP CHILDREN

Toronto (CP)--The chairman of the Toronto Board of Education says the growing popularity of fast-food restaurants is making it harder for children to communicate at home.

Fiona Nelson, speaking on Toronto radio station CFRB, said that because many children eat by themselves in restaurants, family dinner conversation no longer exists in many homes.

Children lose an important aspect of growing up because they do not discuss their problems, opinions or experiences with other family members, she said on the program.

reprinted from, *The Principal*, Burnaby PE Teachers Newsletter, by Ed Silva-White, supervisor, January 1979.

Write... *
send your
thoughts

Alfred Meyer Jr.
12061 Mt. Charleston
Reno, Nevada. 89506

POLITICAL POTPOURRI

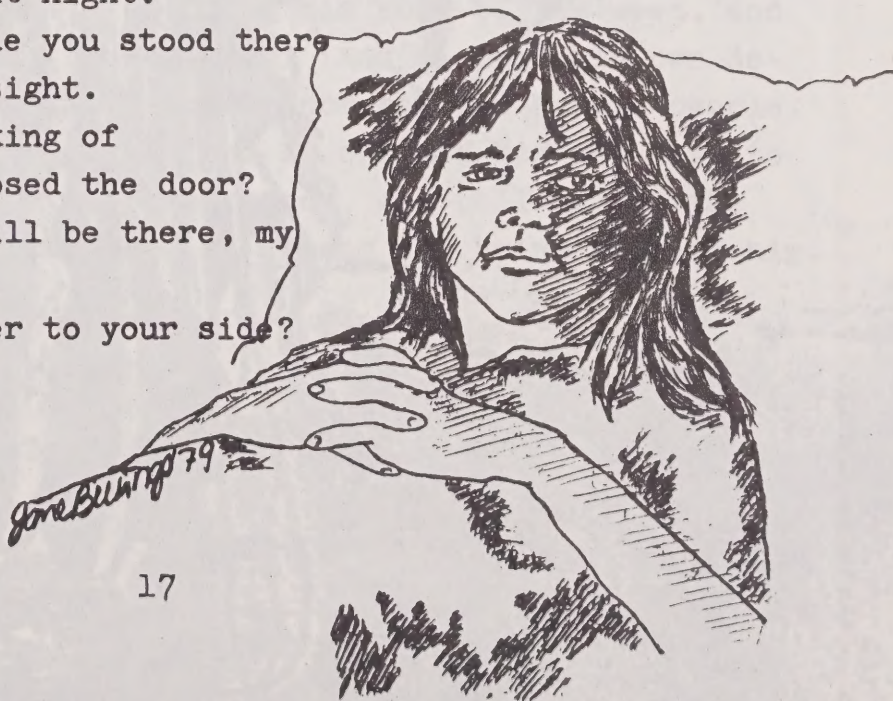
Born into the turbulent storm of life
to be slapped by the cruel hand of fate
wrapped in the warm blanket of promised dreams
Only to be cast into the cesspool of degradation.
Buffeted and pushed like a feather in a windstorm
While vultures on the high throne of hypocrisy
Feed upon the weak--sucking the juices of life,
Spreading cancerous growth in tentacles
That destroy the last breath--ripping out vital organs
From every creature,
Allowed to do this by human indifference
Until nothing is left but the bleached bones of the carcass,
Even these find no peace,
Blasted and buffeted by hot winds of controversy
That rage and howl until nothing is left
But outraged memory.

DOORS

How silly, when all that separates us is a mere door;
But what a difference a door can make.

By: Jane Billings

What was I thinking of
the day they closed the door?
I did not dream that you'd be there
waiting on the other side.
My head was crammed with images
of life already lived.
It did not occur to me
how soon that's not enough.
And all the while you stood there
on the other side.
What was I thinking of
the day they closed the door?
I didn't even see you
and yet you wait there still.
I had looked for you on mountain tops
I'd looked far and wide.
I had longed for you on seaside walks
and often late at night.
And all the while you stood there
just beyond my sight.
What was I thinking of
the day they closed the door?
And, will you still be there, my
love,
when I cross over to your side?





THE WEED OF WISDOM

G. Coley

King Solomon was the wisest king on earth. And after his death, a Prophet, whose name was Augustus, went to the king's grave to pay tribute to him. Prophet Augustus discovered a very attractive plant growing on the head of the king's grave. It was about three feet tall, and clustered with buds and seeds.

The plant said to the prophet, "take me, and use me, and I shall make you and your people wise." And the prophet obeyed the plant; took some of its buds; made a cigar, and smoked it. He found it was good, and he went to the city, and told the people about the weed of wisdom that he discovered growing on King Solomon's grave, and that it was good.

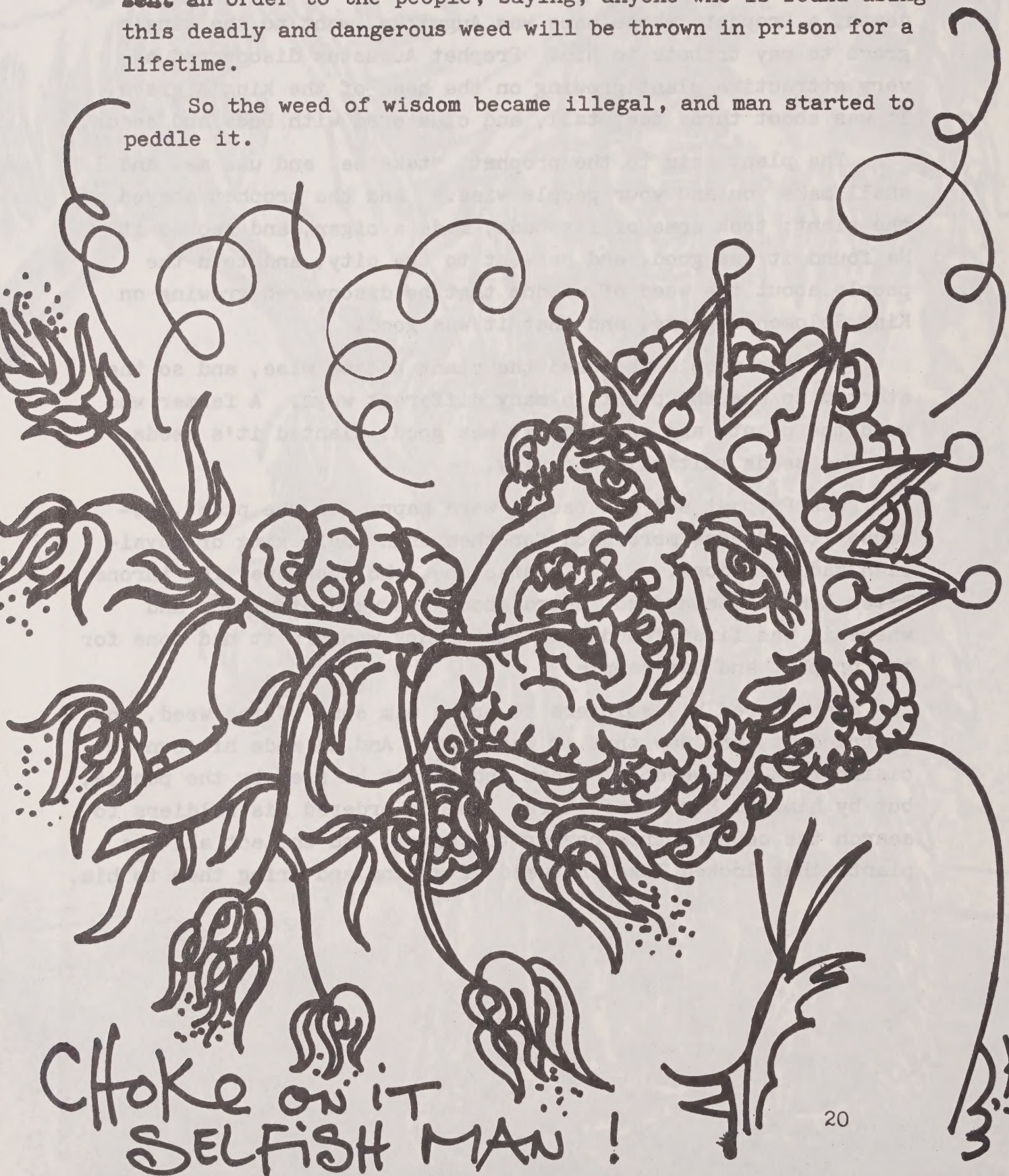
All the people who used the plant became wise, and so they started to use the plant in many different ways. A farmer who used the plant, and saw that it was good, planted it's seeds, and the seeds multiplied heavily.

The Prophet and his people were happy for the plant, because it had done more good for them than their king or physician had ever done. King Constantine, who took over the throne after King Solomon died, heard about the weed of wisdom and where it was first found, and the mighty wonders it had done for the prophet and his people.

He ordered his soldiers to bring him some of the weed, and he tried it, and saw that it was good. And he made his own decision that the weed of wisdom should not be used by the people, but by him and his counsellors. And he ordered his soldiers to search the country from corner to corner, and collect all the plants that looked like the weed of wisdom and bring them to him.

After the soldiers had carried out that order, the King then **sent** an order to the people, saying; anyone who is found using this deadly and dangerous weed will be thrown in prison for a lifetime.

So the weed of wisdom became illegal, and man started to peddle it.



Choke on it
SELFISH MAN!

Submitted by Liz M. to Tightwire.

Copy

(A Letter by John Severnson Watson, Editor of the San Quentin
(California) Prison. An excerpt from...

Rehabilitation is ... being sentenced to state prison for treatment and punishment ... and finding out there is little if any of the former and a lot of the latter.

Rehabilitation is ... going before disciplinary court with no prior infractions and being told you're conwise. Or going to the same committee with half a dozen minor violations over a two year period (e.g., a pound of butter found in your cell with five peanut butter priors) and being told you're an obvious nonconforming and rebellious individual.

Rehabilitation is ... living, eating, sleeping and working with the dregs of society and yet being expected to improve your outlook on life and solve your hangups.

Rehabilitation is ... being sentenced to the Adjustment Center because of past disciplinary infractions, to a "program". There is no program but isolation. There is no adjustment except for the worse.

Rehabilitation is ... seeing your enemies getting parole dates and swallowing hard. It's seeing your best' (and maybe only) friend get a "date" and having mixed emotions ... you're glad for him ... and sad for yourself because you know you're really going to miss the guy.

Rehabilitation is ... trying to control the self-contempt for being in the prison environment ... and losing the battle.

Rehabilitation is ... seeing the daily incompetence and inefficiency of some of the free people working here ... the same people who are supposed to be setting the ~~example~~ correct example for you on the road to being a good citizen.

Rehabilitation is ... having a prison official take a sincere interest in you and your future ... and wondering if this one plus will offset the dozen negative factors in your everyday life.

Rehabilitation is ... having the judge, the jury and the professional staff at the Guidance Centre strongly recommend psychiatric treatment during your incarceration ... and seeing the head shrinker once a year for 30 minutes.

Rehabilitation is ... being paroled, reporting to the parole officer promptly, and being told at the start of the conversation that if you make one false move you're on your way back to prison.

" Raison d'Etre "

Picking up this pale quill in hopes
of writing something sensible
aching to make self heard
outside the roaring loneliness of being
trapped within impossibilities
found in wondering
echoing footsteps of the hourly count
endless in itself; a rising, fading
crescendo
Each footfall another burned into this soul
stamped and branded in visions labelled
Hell

The sage within, nodding wisely to self
with a satisfied smirk...well kid,
you blew it again
almost Chaplinesque in attitude
The child within, looking for mercy
and answers where none were to be found
Slightly schizoid in a passive lassitude
most definite manic depression
at any conceivable moment... in this
world of lost time
Trapped again, in a system that chose I
not I.. to the choosing
Only to discard blame and let blame lay
anywhere... but on self and mine
Grave allowances not to be sacrificed
but seeded in the garden of bitterness
giving growth to a revenge succinct unto
itself...the during the intermindable
duration of waiting...
sometimes lost becomes the reason
why.....





Red glowing depths sought
nature's hidden fortress find
canyons water carved.

Flitting sparrows song
reaping summer's blossoms past
cloud-billows threaten.

Soaring wistle-wind
falling black bird rises soon
caught storm clouds mushroom.



Wave worn rocks to sand
echos timeless through his ears
reflects sunset years.

Vacant eyes desire
nature's hidden view behind
grey ugly wall rise.



Weeping dew drops fill
evergreen branches sagging
joyful soul reclaim.

Giant fungused sky
creation's creator cease
nuclear energy!



THE ADVERSE EFFECTS OF IMPRISONMENT

by an inmate

Does imprisonment always improve offenders ? The answer is doubtful. Is the prison used to correct or punish the inmates ? There is in fact no correctional lessons or sessions in this prison. The inmates were not frequently probed as to why they did what they did and their ideas were not strenuously examined and corrected. If they do something wrong in prison such as fighting or drinking secret brew, they get sent to segregation units for days or months. Little attempts were made at a deep psychological or social therapy.

Work schedule, which can be used as a form of correction, is not particularly intensive here. There are a small number of positions and cases where inmates work long hours and continuously. But this is not the general case with the majority. The work and training programs are mostly not as intensive as those in society. Most inmates need work or study only four and half hours a day as compared to eight hours a day in society. There is little interesting work and not enough training, and no workshop is open after four in the afternoon. Thus some inmates just do those four and half hours work and relax for the rest of the time. This doesn't help them to get habituated to the work routine and life pattern in society. It is possible that some will become dependents in society.

Is there punishment here ? There is punishment in a mild and indirect form . There is no corporal punishment and the matrons or guards do not scream at the inmates. But the punishment lies in the separation from society, thus preventing us to do full-time work and getting full wages. For those who do long sentence, they lose part of their youth and remain very poor, as they generally get only \$ 11.50 every two weeks.

Thus, in spite of the modern theory that offenders should no longer be punished, but helped, inmates do suffer through isolation and stagnation.

Some inmates may relax in listening their tapes and drinking coffee. But if they have to do this for a long time, they might find it a bit difficult to get back to full-time work and they might find other means of making a living when they get out.

SO there are adverse effects in long imprisonment. We hope the people in judiciary and penitentiary service, as well as the people in society would not think that imprisonment automatically improve offenders and keep the idea that the longer they keep offenders in prison, the better it is for them and for society. The actual fact in is most likely to be the contrary.

NO WONDER LESBIANISM

by an inmate.

Lesbianism in women's prison is not surprisong, in fact, if we are frank with ourselves, it comes quite naturally.

Most married men and women living in normal social surroundings will not think of loving someone of the same sex. But if they were taken from their family and kept in a monosexual camp or prison for over a year, their heterosexual concept becomes less obsessive and dominant, and they will likely develop an increased interest and attention in the inmates around them. They will also want sentimental and emotional support from one or some of these companions. So they would begin to develop love relationships. Then they may go on to sooth each other physically, thus arriving at a homosexual relationship.

If a person can imagine how lonesome and forlorn inmates may feel when separated at length from society, then he can understand how easy an ordinary heterosexual woman can become lesbian when put in prison. Since there is no choice in sexual objective , lesbianism is the only love life there could be in women's prison.

Yet lesbianism in prison is not really harmful or alarming. Since it is by mutual consent of two adults. Also many will turn back to heterosexual behaviour when they are released to society. Those who don't would cause no other harm in society then giving it no off-spring. The youngsters who have proper family and school education, would not follow their ways except by their own propensity.

SIX SENSES

Eyes (phase one)

I see your enchanting face
your eyes glow with love
I see that the sky is our
as it moves above

Taste (phase two)

The taste of you is like
honey dipped sunshine
I am yours forever
and you are mine

Voice (phase three)

I hear your soothing voice
its sound penetrates me
I love you so much
and I know that you love me

Touch (phase four)

Your warm & gentle touch
makes me feel so good
and as I think further,
I know that I would . . .

Soul (phase five)

Your soul is there
and so am I
because we are one
we will never die

Love-ness (phase six)

You love like
no other can
your eyes tell me
you're my only woman

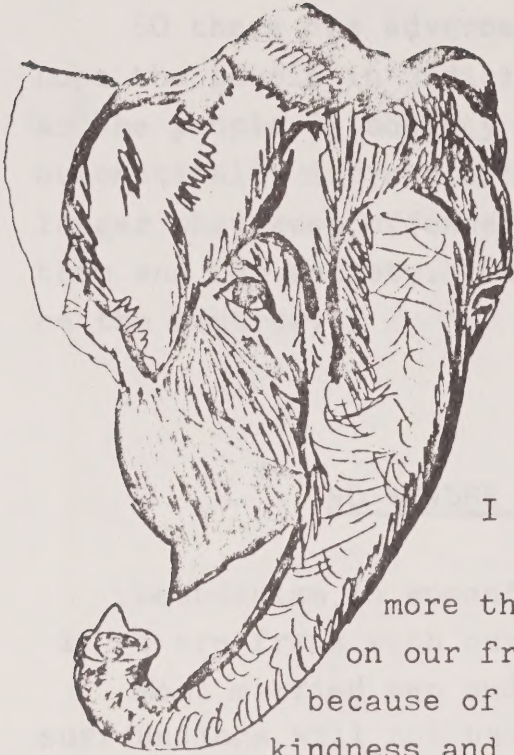
You and I

will never die.

NOTE: Possibly you'll find you cannot use this poetry; it is based on experiences and geared to a one-to-one type sharing, still I'm hopeful some people will be able to relate to me. I have many more, most are verrry looonng!! Hope to hear from you.

Find You Won Freedom,

"T"



I can't help but cry,

I thought our friendship was more than this, the size I am should have no barrier on our friendship. I did not choose to be your friend because of the way you look, but for your personality, your kindness and your love and understanding.

I don't want our friendship to end this way. I cannot change the way I look. So please don't ask me to change, just accept me for myself. I have found peace within the self that is mine and I have learned to accept my size. So please accept me the way I am and be my friend, for I like you alot.

You are a beautiful person with much happiness and love to share. If you give me a chance, I know you'll find the same in me, for all I want is to be your friend.

"On friendship" by: Virginia Alkic

A NIGHT ON THE RANGE

A certain sad saga of Grp 8 big night,
It ended up wrong, but started out right.
T'was the day after X-mas and right thru the gloom,
An angel came creeping to dispell all our doom.
An angel so lovely in soft white and blue,
Del, Teri and Ace really knew what to do.
They carried that angel right into their rooms,
She was swiftly divested of all of her plumes.
That same sweet angel, she flew all around,
And soon from Grp 8 came nary a sound.
So then in their rooms Grp 8 they had stayed,
And the staff sat alone while they all played and played.
Then Gypsy got mad when Max shot the shit,
Half of the night, in Ace's room she did sit.
Said Gypsy to Max "You'd better shape up,
There'll be five in the eye, you've got coming up".
"But Gypsy"said Max "It was only awhile".
"Pull up" said Gypsy "Or I'll wipe off that smile".
Then Teri and Del had such a long talk,
When it came time for lock-up, neither could walk.
The night passed so smoothly, nary a hitch,
And Del as usual, playing the bitch.
Teri, long after, looking down at her mat,
Said "are you quite sure, did I do that"?
The dawn came early, clear and bright,
Grp 8 to behold, such a wonderful sight.
A light from Leigh P. Ace did aspire,
Without even a thought, Leigh set her afire.
Quick as a flash, Ace leaped from her bed,
Looked in her mirror and said "Oh god my head."

Soon as she could, she went to the B.P.
Never giving a thought to who she might see.
She put on her make-up, so hard to do,
I'll set a new trend, one eye green and one blue.
Bambi came by, and saw Ace's repairs,
She thought she'd check all the broads downstairs.

Teri and Del were both trying their best,
To be invisable, heads on their chest.
Like ol' Humpty-Dumpty, they'd had a great fall.
And were doing their best to hold up a wall.
Ace was back and did press and did fold,
She never did know her presses were cold.

All in all, we had such a good time,
Every-one said "well I'm doing just fine".
As cool as we were, we mastered the day,
But then right at lock-up, we were taken away.
Teri went first an arm round her throat.
"Gypsy" said Del, "we'll bail out this boat".

Said Del to Gypsy "I'll get that fucker",
Micheal said, "please", and we gave in like a sucker.
Then Teri got hit on her head with a bat,
Said Del, Ace, and Gypsy "now we know where it's at".
T'was Del, and Gypsy, alone at their place,
Enter Stevenson, and a shot in the face.

Next was Gypsy, she put a good fight,
But what she does best is to bite and bite.
Ace came along, fairly flew from her door,
Dodie was waiting, kicked her cunt to the floor.
We all were gone, we didn't know what happened,
The next sound we heard was the door being fastened.

The angel she's great, and we sure do adore,
The feelings we feel, when our ass hits the floor.
We all get so happy, and perform like a clown,
But reality is what goes up, must come down.
We're only left wondering, not where but when,
We'll get our "big chance" to do it again.

GRP. HIGH WIRE WALKERS!

The characters and situation in this article are entirely
imaginary and bear no relation to any real person or actual
happening.



Victims Of Circumstances by Rose Wu.

Offenders are not all habitual criminals; they don't all make their living by committing crimes. From talking to them I know many are first offenders, and they don't plan to break the law again.

Some of them broke the law by pure accident. They stumbled into a circumstance where a misfortune occurred, and became a participant in that mishap.

Some trafficked drugs because they were very hard-pressed by poverty at the time. Somehow they became very broke and they needed money very badly to get by.

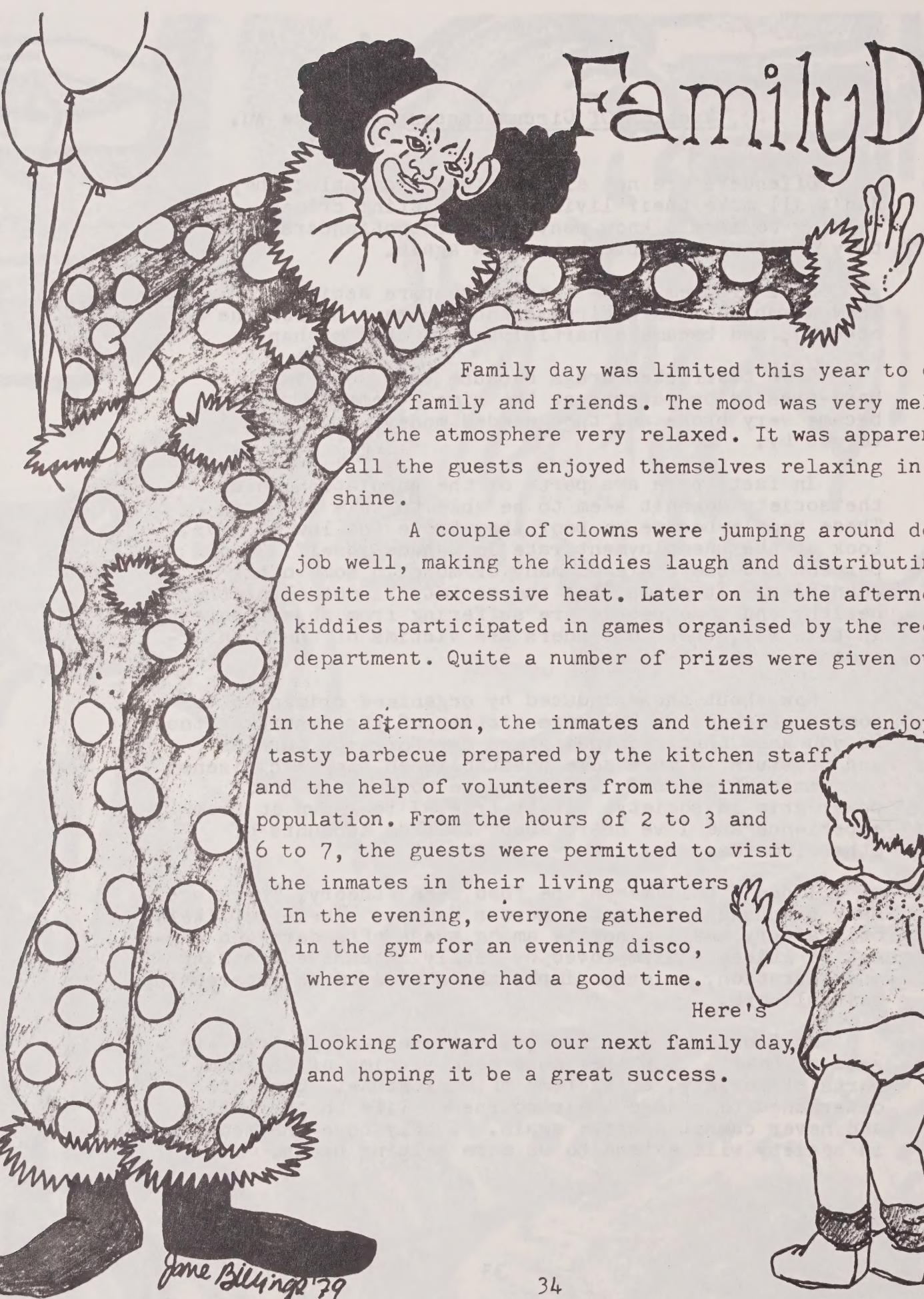
In fact there are parts of the population which the society doesn't seem to be able to take care of. These people became so poor they broke the law to live. Look at the unemployment rate in Canada itself: 7 to 8 percent and there are as many or more in some other countries. It seems that the society is not altogether healthy and some people are suffering from abject poverty. In this way, these offenders are victims of their environment.

How about those induced by organised criminals to commit offences? They are victims of circumstances too. Do you know that criminal gangs may force by threats and pressure to make some unestablished single citizens commit offences? This is done to enlarge their power grip in society. It is true, I've known it from experience and I've heard about it from accounts of other inmates.

I don't believe in the "bad seed" theory. There are many thousands of inmates across Canada. There is likely only a very small minority among these offenders who cannot be guided and improved by really intensive training and education, or even simply the chance to do interesting gainful work.

As I observe in Prison, I believe many inmates are good at heart. But they have been victims of the bad parts of society, or victims of misfortune. Some are determined to change their course of life to the better and never commit a crime again. I only hope the people in society will extend to us more helping hands.

Family Day

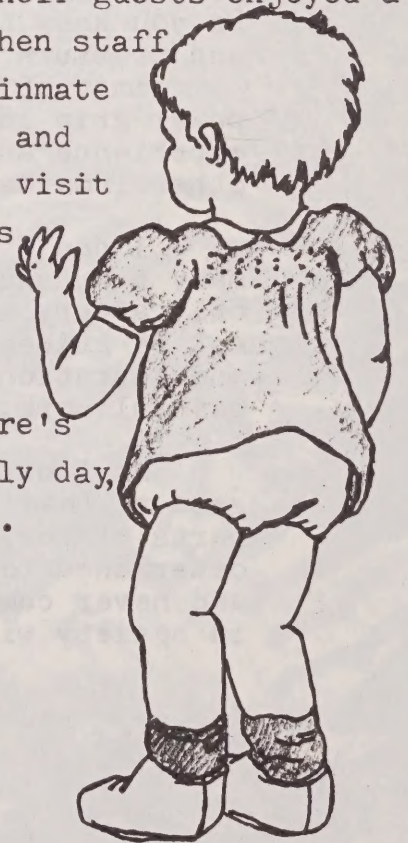


Family day was limited this year to close family and friends. The mood was very mellow and the atmosphere very relaxed. It was apparent that all the guests enjoyed themselves relaxing in the sunshine.

A couple of clowns were jumping around doing their job well, making the kiddies laugh and distributing candies, despite the excessive heat. Later on in the afternoon, the kiddies participated in games organised by the recreation department. Quite a number of prizes were given out.

Later in the afternoon, the inmates and their guests enjoyed a tasty barbecue prepared by the kitchen staff and the help of volunteers from the inmate population. From the hours of 2 to 3 and 6 to 7, the guests were permitted to visit the inmates in their living quarters. In the evening, everyone gathered in the gym for an evening disco, where everyone had a good time.

Here's looking forward to our next family day, and hoping it be a great success.



Jane Billings '79

"What Is A Friend"

So many people are wrong, thinking they've many a friend.
For if you look through your life, there is so much that's pretend.

Aquaintances yes one may have quite a few,
But a friend will live on until death is due.

Like the sun, will keep shining, through even a cloud,
A friend they will find you through denseness or cloud.
And like a moon that's gone, then some day grows back full,
When trouble seem's to hit like doom, together friends will pull,

Some will say they are your friend, cause money you may share.
And some may need your friendship for a temporary care,
But what about when you are down, and really feeling low,
Count your friends "that run to you", and care they really show,

A friend is not a person who needs you for their lust.
When two can sit in silence, yet still they understand.

That's a bondship stronger than a golden wedding band.

A friend may live quite near, or maybe cross the land,
But that feeling that your near in mind, is like the hold
of your hand.

You may have one or more throughout your life long days.
But please remember these treasure, in believing ways.

Eddie Kelly.



June 20th, 1979

Robert J. McCarthy
Box 100, H-66
Somers, Connecticut 06071

"HUMILIATE THE RAPER"

If it were up to me, I'd line all the rapers up against a wall and shoot the bastards. But that's not my decision. It's yours.

It's common knowledge that most rapes are never reported to the police. Maybe one out of fifteen are reported by the victim for obvious reason's. Usually a woman who tells the police that she's been attacked is treated as a whore, even if she isn't. But the worst thing about it from a woman's point of view is that almost no one is convicted, and the raper is set free...to rape again.

It's my true belief that no matter how many decades pass, rape will always be a part of our lives, because society is full of sickies. Anyway, why not humiliate the raper!

Here's my solution, and as you can see, it's probably legal.

When a woman is raped, let her use humiliation as a weapon, and when she goes to the police, instead of charging rape, she charges "Indecent Exposure." All she has to say is that a man grabbed her, took out his avenger and showed it to her, and that's all. She says nothing about rape. The advantages of doing this are:

1. The police have no respect for flashers, and will immediately try to find the guy. And more importantly, the police will not treat the woman like a whore or ask her any embarrassing questions about her sex life.
2. The woman is not embarrassed before her friends or husband.
3. The raper, once caught, is humiliated by the police, his friends, and if convicted, he'll definately be hassled in prison...for being such a sickie.
4. The raper will probably plead guilty since any good lawyer will inform him that juror's don't need much evidence to convict a so-called man of a sick sex crime such as Indecent Exposure.
5. Even if the case goes to trial, the woman's background will not be examined since it has nothing to do with the crime or any defense to the crime.
6. Although Indecent Exposure is usually only a misdemeanor in most State's, the raper has to register as a sex offender wherever he goes, and in many state's, like California, a second conviction is a felony.

Now, the only disadvantage to reporting a rape as Indecent Exposure is that the penalty is much greater if a person is convicted for rape.

II.

Except for in the State of Connecticut, where most rapers are patted on the back, and given 18 months at the most, and always make first parole. But, since most women don't report rape's, because they don't want to be embarrassed, and few rapers are convicted, the odds are much better on Indecent Exposure. To put it another way, you are probably a winner with Indecent Exposure and a sure loser with Rape.

Some may ask, is it legal? In my opinion it probably is, taking into consideration that it's the same thing the District Attorney does all the time when he lets a guy plead guilty to a lesser crime like disturbing the peace instead of assault with a deadly weapon. Since all the legal elements of the crime of Indecent Exposure are part of virtually every rape, the woman doesn't have to lie. All she need do is not report the rest of the crime. And that's great, because the raper can't afford to say it wasn't Indecent Exposure and was really rape...unless he's a born idiot.

So, if you're ever unfortunate enough to be attacked Ladies, why not humiliate the raper?



ERROL

If Errol had only listened to what mother told him he would be home today.

Errol is only fifteen, but he is much taller than his father, who is five feet eleven inches tall. He is medium built and has broad shoulders. He appears to be much older than his age, and because he is aware of his manly appearance, he hangs out only with the older guys in town.

Mother always counselled Errol about the guys he's been hanging around with. She didn't like them, because of their attitudes. She told him to quit going around with those older guys, and to continue with his studies.

Mother had a deep love for Errol, mainly because he was the baby of her six children. She tried hard enough to satisfy his daily needs and to make him happy.

Unfortunately, Errol's interest wasn't in school, so he continued to drift. Mother was very disappointed in him. She worried a lot and became a nervous wreck.

Errol thinks mother is just being miserable and wants him to be home, so she can see him every time she turns around as if he is still a baby. He thinks he is big enough to care for himself. So what mother says doesn't register as far as Errol is concerned.

He likes sharp clothing and is always neatly dressed, and likes to be admired. His friends pick him up quite often, especially on weekends. They travel around town in a red and black '79 continental. On weekends their favourite spot is the race track, and then they move on to the most expensive clubs in town. The psychedelic lounge is one of their favourite clubs, with it's psychedelic lights flashing, soft music playing, and half nude attractive belly dancers, teasingly moving their curved bodies on mirror decorated stages, gently they move their pelvis area from side to side with a circling motion; then they throw it forward, and move the motion upward to the belly. The belly then vibrates in a mixing position, delicately; clockwise; anticlockwise; in and out.

Constantly, repeating, while the anxious and excited crowd cheers, and roars in approval of the most excellent and professional action.

As a bigger sister, I tried desperately to get Errol's interest back into his education. I told him how important it was to continue his schooling, but he was scornful of advice. In his early life, he had the opportunity to experience the profitable business that gambling was; the excitement and pleasure of clubbing and the thrilling sensation of drinking.

These, he thought were the most important things in life, and that the world would not be able to offer him anything better; so he got deeply involved. Unfortunately, there was nothing any of us could possibly say or do, to get Errol back in school.

Saturday night, Errol and his friends sit at their usual spot in the psychedelic lounge. They drink constantly as they watch the sexy dancers do their thing.

One of the dancers thinks her faithful patrons need far more than what they were getting. So, she takes her skimpy black top off, and throws it through the thick seated crowd. The top finds its way straight into Errol's lap. She then exclaims in a teasing voice, "I lost my top, and I am offering a reward to the person who finds it". Someone in the crowd says, "what's the reward?" She answers, "my bottom". Immediately Errol gets up from his chair, forcing his way through the crowd, and is on stage within seconds. The dancer then takes the top from Errol and says, "are you ready for your reward?" He answers, "sure madame sexy!" she says, "take it off" Errol hesitates cowardly, and the crowd yells excitedly, "take it off, Errol. Madame sexy looks straight into Errol's eyes and says, "are you gonna take your reward now?"

Errol bends forward; with both hands he reaches for his reward; she wriggles her body out of Errol's reach. Now he is standing on stage, with her costume bottom in his hands; staring at her body endlessly. She interrupts his gaze, "do you want to dance?" He shakes his head and says, "NO". She dances around him and he tries to get away from her; the crowd gets very disorderly and excited. Through the noise and laughter came a loud and demanding voice, "this is a raid! Nobody move. You're all under arrest!"

DAILY NEWS

Club raided boy fifteen detained

On May 29th, the R.C.M.P. carried out a raid at the Psychedelic Club, which led to the arrest of Beverley Charles, better known as "Madame Sexy", and a juvenile boy, fifteen years old.

Beverley Charles, a 23 year old woman, living at 100 Sir John A. Blvd has worked as a strip dancer at the psychedelic club. She participates in live sex activities on stage with the customers of the club. It is said that male customers were dragged by her on stage. Errol, a fifteen year old kid, living at 9 Sussex Drive was caught in action on stage with 'Madame Sexy'.

Errol and a gang of wrong doers visit the club every night, only to participate in Madame Sexy's sex show. The kid is a run-away from home, and is usually seen with gangsters.

At the time of the arrest, the proprietor could not be found; he is wanted for questioning. The two will appear before the magistrate on the 8th of June to answer charges.

By: G. Coley





CONDEMNING GANG PLOT AND VIOLENCE.
DRAWING BY ROSE WU. IN 1973.

Support Human Rights For Prisoners

by Rose Wu. .

Because a person committed an offence it doesn't mean you can use this as an excuse to deprive for a whole length of time his or her human rights. I would say the human right most often ignored here is the right or opportunity to do full-time gainful work. Many of us are now doing very dull work at less than one-tenth of the normal pay in society. Lots of us are prevented by the Prison wall to do or learn various interesting work.

Some of us have been denied of some rights and even Parole by the simple old accusation that can be used against almost anybody: " You are a danger to society....."

Even when the Prisoners get their Parole they are not quite free. They live under certain restrictions and conditions. If they broke a little rule such as getting a bit drunk in public or going to another town without getting approval from the Parole Board and the city of destination, they will have to go back to Prison and do months for it.

Some companies do not even hire ex-prisoners. This is a true breach of human rights. A person who made a mistake and decides to work for a living should not be discriminated against. I hope the society will realize that the more they restrict and discriminate ex-offenders, the more they are forcing them to persist in law-breaking. Whereas the more they help these ex-offenders to rehabilitate themselves, the more certain they will become good citizens !

UNTITLED

Give me the rituals of love, without the ritual encompassing
Rainbow colors of spiked death, found in clouds so wispy
in intangibilities...as to be totally irrelevant
For love...built on idealistic dreams...is meaningless
Loving you inside and out, give me the semblance of love
Not bound by just your spoken words, as you floated outside
of my vision,towards your freedom...was it?

I can't hang on the gate, of endless painful waiting
much longer now...can I?

After usurping of all the strength, held in reserve for so
long it's gone...

Along with mere shattered illusions, representative of you
and I and the chosen roads by which we live

And by which we sometimes die....

Denise Wotherspoon



UNTITLED

When some one asks "what's wrong"
I look up not quite understanding
Hey you look so distant the voice said
I wonder do they mean the imaginary distant of
the mind
Some quite close
Some distant distance - is it
the labyrinth of time
Soft flowing motions of a
Space between tears and laughter
the illusion carves a heart and
tear within the bounds of time
and the timeless yet to come

Bev. Whitney & Jojo



one living 79

SPORTS

The angels have had a very dynamic season. The team is made up of a number of outstanding players.

Diane our pitcher is undoubtedly the strongest, most dynamically accurate in the entire league.

Her fast ball wizzed by them and her sucker ball fools them all. She is most noted for her blur around the bases after a usual tremendous hit.

Marlene Moore our first baseman has a long stretch to the bag and is famous for her great slides.

Our " Reggie Jackson" is Marlene Andres. Rarely a game goes by with out a home run from her.

Also she manages to catch even the impossible flies to left field.

Sylvie, our only left handed batter, is a very strong hitter always seeming to place the ball deeply over the fielders heads. She is also an excellent fielder.

Sandy our catcher is always right on top. Her antics at bat are often "just experimenting" but she rarely fails to get solid hits.

Unfortunately Sandy will not be here for play offs and her superb catching will be missed and we are losing one of our captains.

Lana of second base never fails to catch many impossible grounders and infield flies and her dexterity awe's the crowd.

Diana, centre, always seems to be on top of every ball coming her way. Also; she has an amazing arm, throwing from deep centre field with fantastic accuracy to second base.

Jo-ann our Rec officer has become a catcher and is doing fine. She also; is quite a strong fielder. She has constantly kept us in gum.

Jo-Ann (Beaver) has been most versatile as short (when Bony was in hospital) altho' her regular position was a fielder.

Bony our other captain is most famous for her sneaky bunts, yet at crucial times is also a very strong hitter.

Bony and Spike have an amazing routine of co-assisting each other with infield flies and Spike our dynamic third baseman has been right on top of everything coming her way; a solid consistant hitter also.

We had a few casualties thro' out the season. Dennis Morris injured her ankle and Sue Murphy broke her hand.

Val started out as a back up pitcher but was released.

Bev missed some of the season and "Loony Tunes" is known for the funny but accurate way she catches flies.

Mike from stores takes infield practises and coaches first.

Thanks to Phyllis and Rose Wu for their excellent photo of the team in action.

Play offs are September: 4, 6, 10, 12, 17, 19.

We appreciate you'll for your regular and most welcome support of the games so far. You've made our season.

Thanks.

Bev Whitney

JOG-A-THON at PRISON for WOMEN

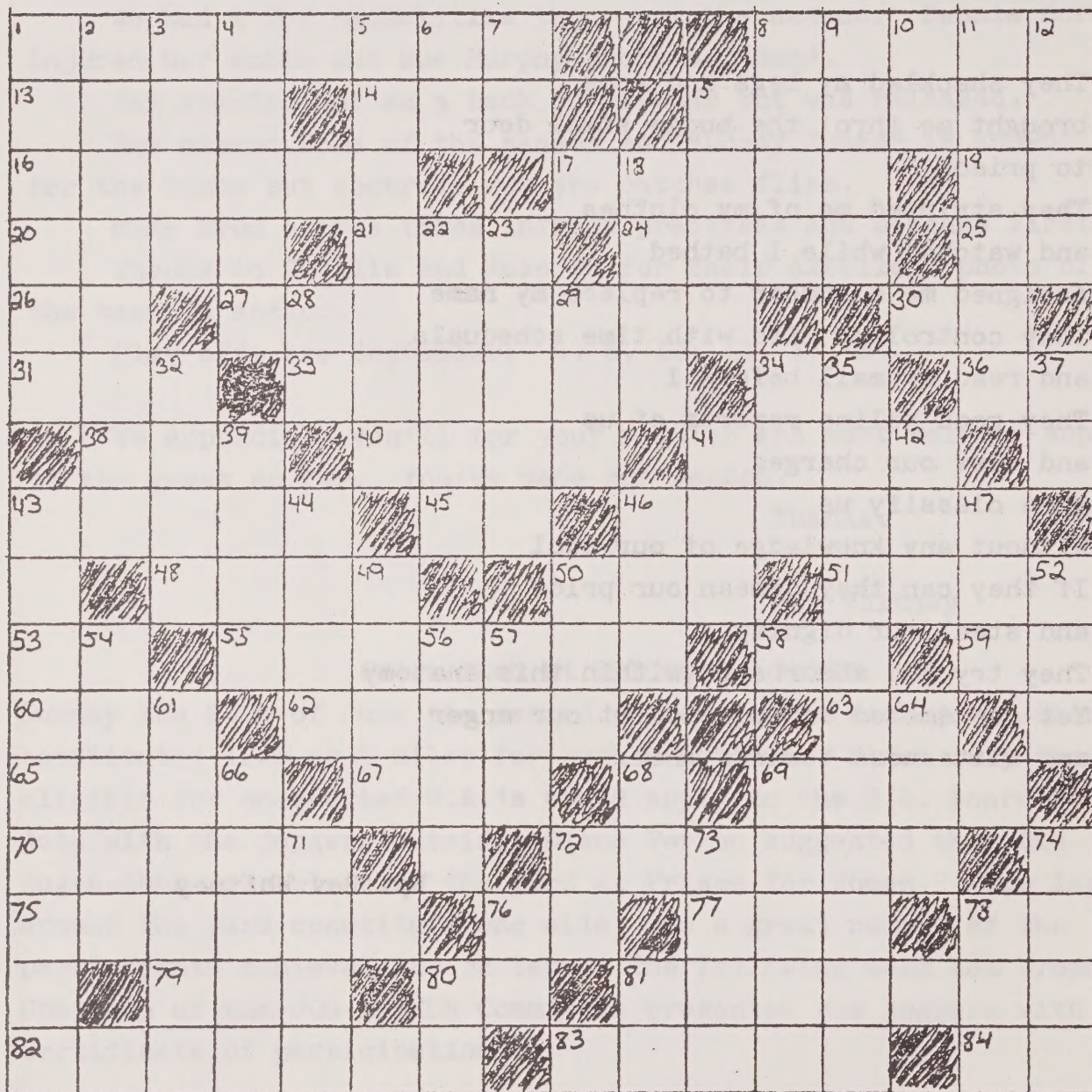
Sunday the 24th of June the second annual canada week jog-a-thon constituted 12km or 8 miles for each provience. Since only those eligible for unescorted T.A.'s could apply to the T.A. Board to join with the joggers outside, Diane Perron suggested that the jog-a-thon take place in the yard at Prison for Women. Four laps around the yard constitute one mile, and a great number of the participants achieved the 32 laps. The following week Lam Propoulos Chairman of the JOG-A-THON Committee presented the joggers with Certificate of participation.

UNTITLED

They shackled my legs and arms
brought me thro' the hudge steel door
to prison
They stripped me of my clothes
and watched while I bathed
Assigned me a number to replace my name
they control my life with time scheduals
and read my mail before I
They read police reports of us
and view our charges
then classify us
Without any knowledge of our soul
If they can they demean our pride
and steal our dignity
They try and absorbs us within this anatomy
Yet are amazed and puzzled at our anger
and bitterness towards them.

By: Bev Whitney

Cross word puzzle by Carol Townsend, for solution, see next issue.



ACROSS

- 1,8. The movie _____ Fever
13. opposite of close
14. old age
15. Dairy Queen sells them
16. opposite of hotter
17. contraction for 'I will not'
19. Bachelor of Arts (abbrev.)
20. a small island
21. acetylsalicylic acid (abbrev.)
24. besides, in addition
25. iridium (abbrev.)
26. in; on; by;
27. an outlaw
30. the thing
31. come sit on my _____
33. of the same opinions
34. we
36. and therefore
38. September (abbrev.)
40. at any time
41. a shellfish
43. a side path
45. Einsteinium (abbrev.)
46. what baby Jesus was laid in
48. a large water bird
50. to take in food
51. a plan
53. negative answer
55. skindiver's equipment
58. Italy (abbrev.)
59. Danny Thomas' hanky marks
60. a large monkey
62. to get on your knees
63. Toronto (abbrev.)
65. a sweet fruit
67. a breakfast food
69. contraction for 'can not'
70. to start a fire
72. a tourist area
75. a long stem
76. indium (abbrev.)
77. friend (in French)
78. bushel (abbrev.)
79. a very long period of time
80. the letter M
81. the protein in the white of an egg
82. what's worn on the ear
83. to leave a country in a hurry
84. a musical note

DOWN

1. work dealing with humans
2. the complete forsaking of one's religion
3. put in words; inform
4. the opposite of over
5. throw into confusion
6. a suffix meaning of; like;
7. yard (abbrev.)
8. sisters of religion
9. preposition meaning towards the inside
10. gadolinium (abbrev.)
11. usual way of acting
12. salty water from the eye
15. one and only
18. a _____ of bills as in money
22. give service to
23. to move to one side
28. each (abbrev.)
29. a suffix meaning air
32. church benches
34. a Greek vase
35. astrological sign
37. prep. above and supported by
39. the feet of animals
41. a feline animal
42. what you sleep on
43. Napoleon _____
44. Yankee (abbrev.)
46. French word meaning sick
47. a warm color
49. don't have any
50. a long, slippery fish
52. to eat (past tense)
54. a play that is mostly sung
56. Regiment (abbrev.)
57. a small barrel
61. a holiday with a rabbit
64. Ontario (abbrev.)
66. the rotating part of a motor
68. regarding (abbrev.)
69. a narrow valley
71. a little filly (West Coast Indian)
72. Registered Nurse (abbrev.)
73. the act of selling
74. a piece of music
76. contraction for 'I am'
78. a small amount
80. for example (abbrev.)
81. aluminum (abbrev.)

Chocolate Chip Cookies

Rose Wu

One of my most welcome bakery products when I worked as the pastry cook here is the chocolate chip cookie. Some people have asked me for the recipe so that they can make them too. Here is the recipe for the community kitchen. If you want to make a smaller amount at home, divide the recipe by two or three. When mixed and baked properly, they will be delicious !

1. Brown sugar 1 lb. 8 oz.
white sugar 1 lb. 8 oz.
Shortening 3 lbs.
soda 1 oz.
salt 1 oz.
water 2 oz.
vanilla to taste
cream the above together.
2. eggs 1 lb.
add to above and cream .
3. pastry flour 4 lbs. 8 oz.
add and mix until smooth.
4. chocolate chips 2 lb.
chopped walnuts 1 lb.
mix until well blended.

Put the mixture into a piping bag and
bag out through a large plain
tube on slightly greased pans.

Bake at 375° F.

Takes about 2½ hours mixing and baking.

This recipe produces about 500 to 600
1½ inch cookies.

UNTITLED/MY SOUL IN A FEW WORDS

I feel as though
the throes of autumn and winter
are rending my soul--
dead leaves
shattered glass
rotted trees
are all that lies within me.
Yet, I hope for spring
when my soul will once again
be filled with love--
I'll try to forget all pain
and think of regeneration,
of being born again
like the cactus flower
in the midst of barrenness.

THE DREAM HOLDER/ACCOLYTE

Your crazy hair
blown into a maze
by a teasing breeze

Crystal eyes
of friendship
and freedom
(can I see you)
I don't know
(can I free you)
yes I can
if I try . . .

Silky face and body
are what I see
when I look at you

You are warm
and comforting
and your warmth
surrounds me
always

You seem to hold
many dreams for
me.

tell me,
do you,
elusive companion?



By Rose Lon.
1971.

This seems little to claim, but nonetheless worthwhile. I have finished doing seven years in this Prison without causing a fight or breaking a rule. On top of that I have practiced at least two skills, enough to pave my way to work in society.

This seems unreal. Even my sentence seems mystical: life-imprisonment for robbery without wounding or killing anyone, with all the money returned to the original owner. Nobody else had ever been punished this heavy before. The judge must have been mad at a lady with a gun. People convicted of manslaughter often get much lighter sentence. (Some get two years less a day.)

Once I arrived at this prison, I sought ways to fill the time. I did numerous drawings in pencil and pastel and other mediums culminating in a mural across the wall in the school.

Then I become poetic. Some people talked to me and asked about my past. I found it most conveniently expressed in rhythmic poems or verses. I also told of the people in the world in stories. I finally compiled several books of poems and stories. Some publishers found them too honest to print.

What skill have I learned ? One day I sauntered into the library and found a book about "How to Make Pottery by Hand ". I read through it thoroughly and wanted to try my hand. It so happened that the Prison was preparing to open a pottery workshop and so I obtained a block of clay. Subsequently I bought clay for myself. I worked in my room and tried out the techniques. In six to eight months I managed to create dozens of original forms of cups, jugs, pitchers, bowls, vases, decanters and teapots, many with sculptural reliefs. The pottery workshop opened afterwards and then was closed in a few months. So I never got all my pots completely fired in the kiln. However I know what I can do if I have space for a little workshop of my own. I can reproduce these pots in large quantity by using plaster moulds and then fire them with glaze on. My pottery forms are modern and I think they have a strong appeal in the market.

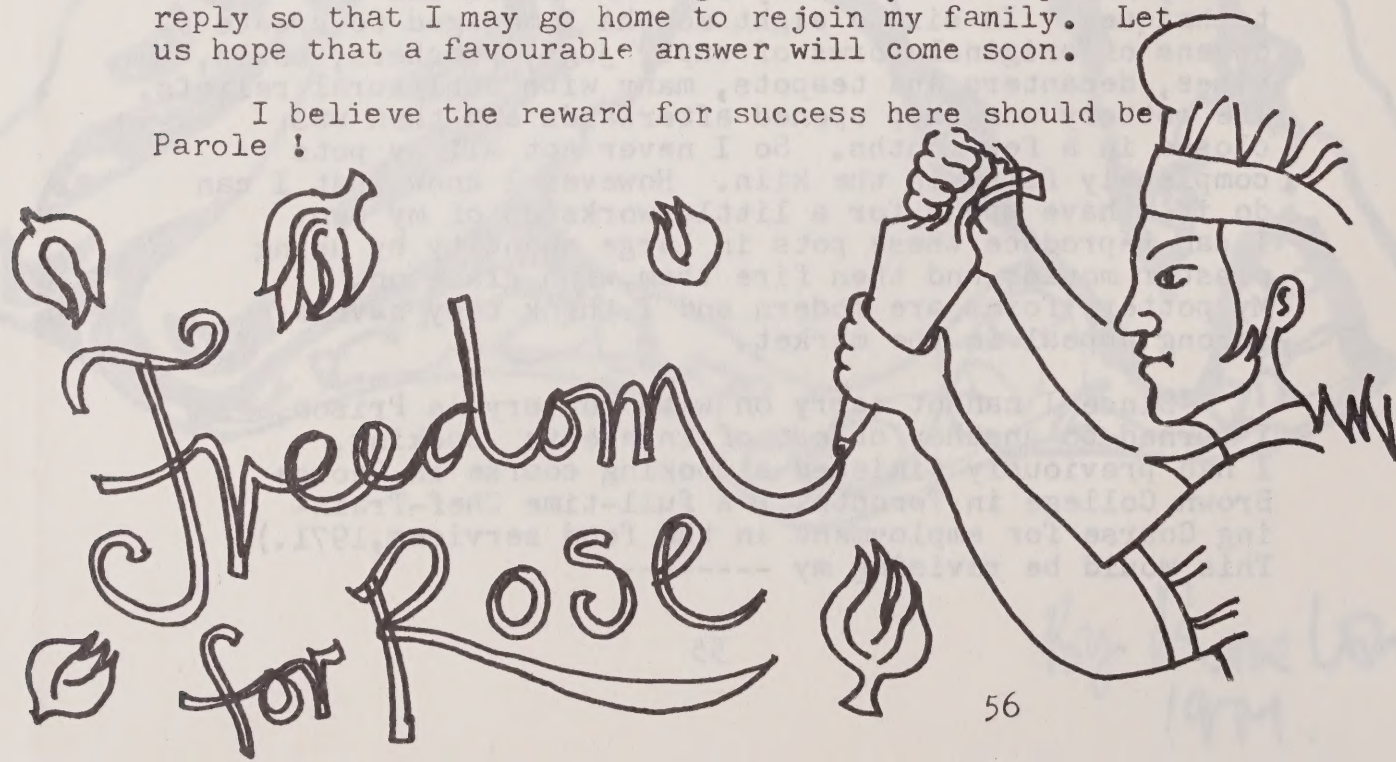
Since I cannot carry on with Pottery in Prison, I turned to another object of interest: cooking, I had previously finished a cooking course in George Brown College in Toronto. (A full-time Chef-Training Course for employment in the food services, 1971.) This would be revising my -----

lessons and working out good recipes in quantity. Those who were here from July to November last year might still remember the cocoanut cream pies, cream puffs every month; chocolate cakes, spicy ginger cakes and carrot cakes, or raisin cakes; fruity cakes such as strawberry cakes, or banana cakes and fresh apple cakes; fruit pies such pineapple pies, peach pies, not to mention spicy apple pies. Or they might still remember the chocolate chip cookies I made every week, or ginger snaps and cocoanut cookies. Did you like the soft baked cheese cakes and the freshly baked, right out of the oven hot fruit muffins and bran muffins you got every Saturday morning? I prepared and baked all those from natural ingredients and with consuming interest. Now that the food is eaten and gone I just want to keep the memory that pastry can be fantastic and that one day, when I need to, I can go back to producing them with zest!

How much people can do in a circumstance is sometimes an individual question. Some may do more, others may do less. I would say I have done all I could. However, circumstance does help or limit the scope of people. For instance, now that the pottery workshop is closed, can I keep on doing pottery? Now that I have worked out so many recipes, wouldn't I want to work in the food industry outside?

If there could be success in Prison, I believe I have achieved it. Yet because of limited space and facilities, I can do no more than what I have done. I have successfully done seven years in Prison with complacency and industry and I have been eligible for Parole since April, 1979. The Parole Board has reserved its decision and I am waiting anxiously for a positive reply so that I may go home to rejoin my family. Let us hope that a favourable answer will come soon.

I believe the reward for success here should be Parole!



The Pottery is made in 1974-1977, photographed in 1979 by Rose Wu.



IS IT YOU?

Why must life
be so unkind
why can't I
find peace of mind--
is it you?

The days seem
to wander along
endlessly
but I know
where I long
to be

Why must life
be so complex
it is a nightmare
I can't come with--
is it you?

The nights are full
of burning desire
and I cannot sleep
the balm for my senses
the water for the fire
does not come

Why must life/be so unkind

why can't I find
the truth?

Is it you?

THE GENTLE RAIN

Let the drops fall from your eyes
Like gentle rain
From troubled skies
liquid expressions of deep emotion
they'll cleanse your soul
like spring water---
then no pain will remain within
for it will have gone
with the gentle rain
and after this, you can continue/to live until the end.

(there may be more trouble
before the end)

but until then

It is a fact that the Arts and Crafts scene at the Prison for Women has declined over the past months, resulting from the closing of the little house. The little house is situated outside the main building and offered a full Arts and Crafts Program. A whole variety of arts were done there and the inmates had the possibility of developing their creativity in many fields of art; namely batiking, creative sewing, silk screening, macrame.

The only art course remaining is in the school area where an art class is held once a week. We have interviewed A. Sebert who is conducting this class.

1. (Q) What is your position at the Prison for Women?

(A) I'm an academic teacher, 5ft.5in. tall, 115 pounds, two legs, two arms. I usually stand upright... that's my position, generally,... sometimes I sit... anything else? If you want the basics... I was hired as an academic English teacher to provide primary and secondary credit English courses. Because I have a degree in Fine Arts, and am qualified to teach art, I always find time to do a little art instruction. In April, I began a more formal art course. It is held once a week for about 2½ hours. I usually try to introduce a concept, project, or technique, and the women have the week to complete the work.

2. (Q) What does this class consist of?

(A) We have explored a whole range of techniques; water color, conte drawing, print-making with linoleum, tissue paper stain glass, pastel, etc. We have also studied tone, shape, texture, pattern life drawing, and some elements of sculpture. We even touched on the area of film by making 8mm animations.

3. (Q) Would this art class offer any credit to the students?

(A) I have structured it so that it is equivalent to a high school credit. There are some women who are working towards a high school diploma. There are also quite a few women who are participating just because they enjoy the art.

4. (Q) What are the facilities like for the art course?

(A) I am working with a limited budget and very limited equipment. I don't even have a sink; so many techniques are out of the question. We do a lot with colored paper and glue!! I'm not saying that you need a lot of fancy equipment to produce art, but paper and glue does get a little boring after awhile. We even did sculptures with rolled newspaper and glue last week. I think that I am going to run out of ideas soon. Also, many women here have never done any art before and are much more intimidated by drawing than they would be

with something like...batik, which really utilizes the same skills. What I'm saying is that if I had more facilities and equipment, more women might be enticed into trying art.

5. (Q) I have heard that artists are coming from Toronto to do workshops. Could you elaborate on this?

(A) At the beginning of August there will be professional artists coming into the institution every Friday afternoon... sculptors, sign painters, dancers... people working in all different mediums. Hopefully these workshops will become extensions of the Wednesday morning art classes. I'll introduce an idea, then have a professional working in that medium come in on Friday to support ideas we've started on Wednesday.

6. (Q) Do you feel that the art program in the Prison for Women is adequate?

(A) No. I think that there should be a full-time arts and crafts program set up, as the little house provided. Art is so important here, because it is one area where the women can really express themselves... where they can feel that they have created something that is totally theirs. There is so much talent here and so much creative energy. A full program in arts and crafts is really needed.

In the following pages, there are pieces of art work done by different students attending the art class. The work is good and shows how gifted those people are. At Tightwire, we feel that more opportunities and more options should be given to those interested in Arts and Crafts, since talents are just waiting to be developed. We suggest an area; a program designed for that purpose.

J. Terrade, Editor

Art is one step from the visibly known toward the unknown.

- Kahlil Gibran

NOTICE: The Prison Art Display will take place at the Prison for Women
October 2nd; the gym will be open all day.





R. B.





Dave Billings 79



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Librarian

Centre of Criminology

Rm. 8054

130 St. George Street

Toronto, Ont.

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